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T. S. Denison & Company, Publishers

623 S. Wabash Ave.

CHICAGO

IN HOT TAMALE LAND

A Topical, Tropical Musical Comedy
in Two Acts

BY
GEOFFREY F. MORGAN
Former Superintendent of Schools, Athens, Ohio

AUTHOR OF
"A Royal Cut-Up"



CHICAGO
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GEOFFREY F. MORGAN

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no 1

IN HOT TAMALES LAND

EZRA MCWHACKLE.....	<i>A Pickle King</i>
BOBBY HUNTER.....	<i>Honest Though Poor</i>
NED BARLOW.....	} <i>Bobby's Friends</i>
DICK BAXTER.....	
DON SODA DI POPPO.....	<i>Ruler of Hot Tamale Land</i>
PUNKO DORO..	<i>Walking Delegate of the Bullfighters' Union</i>
ELEANOR	<i>Esra's Daughter</i>
AGATHA FIDGET.....	<i>Eleanor's Chaperon</i>
DOLORES	<i>Daughter of the Don</i>
JUANITA	<i>A Shy Señorita</i>
<i>Señoritas, Torcadors, American Girls, American Boys, American Bluejackets, Herald, Etc.</i>	

PLACE—*In Hot Tamale Land*

ACT I—*Courtyard of the Royal Palace*

ACT II—*The Same, that Afternoon*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Two Hours*

TYPES AND COSTUMES

"Hot Tamale Land" is an imaginary territory somewhere in the tropic zone, where the costumes of the people resemble those of Spaniards, Gypsies and Pirates. It is, in brief, a typical land of comic opera.

The masculine natives are referred to in the text as bull-fighters, and the feminine denizens as señoritas. The boys should wear scarfs, sashes, and the traditional costume of the arena, while the girls should wear typical Spanish costumes with bright flowers in their hair, embroidered shawls, fans, combs, all with plenty of variety and color. The American sailors wear the regulation uniform, white or blue. The American boys and girls are dressed in modern costume, as smart as possible, and suggesting the summer resort or the boardwalk.

The principals are:

McWHACKLE—Typical down-east Yankee, made-up with goatee; wears frock coat or cutaway, light trousers, elastic side shoes, low collar, red tie, silk hat; carries red handkerchief; talks with a twang; has happy disposition, is fond of Eleanor, and would enjoy life if it were not for

AGATHA FIDGET—Prim and precise old maid; clothes in style of bygone age; sharp and shrewish, quick of tongue, plain face and figure; acts as guardian to

ELEANOR—Charming American girl, dainty and attractive, and much in love with

BOBBY—A rather small, mild, but thoroughly likeable young fellow. He should be gentle, but not effeminate. He appears first as a stowaway, costume ragged and untidy, with bare feet, if possible, and a general look of hardship and misery. His next costume is that of the well-dressed young man, and the third, that of the toreador. This should be comic—red pants, hat too large for him, blouse with lace collar, and long sword. He is the chum of

NED AND DICK—Two wholesome young fellows of college age, well bred and well dressed, who are much taken with

DOLORES AND JUANITA—Brightly dressed in costumes like that of Carmen; they are bright and animated, “familiar but by no means vulgar,” and related to

DON SODA—The ruler of Hot Tamale Land, a fierce, well-whiskered man, aged about fifty; haughty and dignified, who fears no one except

PUNKO DORO—Who is a loud, domineering fellow, with huge, fierce mustaches and an exaggerated Toreador costume. He is the walking delegate of Local No. 23, Bull-fighters’ Union of Hot Tamale Land, and don’t you forget it!

It is especially intended that the different groups in the chorus should appear in the various musical numbers. Thus the sailors may assist in the chorus of one song, the señoritas in another, and the American boys and girls in a third. In this way each group will have to master only two or three numbers. The Señoritas and Toreadors should be equal in number, likewise the American girls and boys, so that they may “pair off” in the chorus work.

NOTES FOR THE DIRECTOR

“In Hot Tamale Land” is a comedy with music, the plan being to use the dialogue as presented herewith, and adapt such popular music as may seem suited. This will not prove as difficult as it seems, since care has been taken to make the story complete in the lines, thus allowing the use of a wide variety of songs. Some effort should be made, of course, to make them suitable to the general character of the scene. Bobby, Ned, or Eleanor, when alone on the stage, should be assigned a love ballad; McWhackle, the Don and Punko should have comic numbers, and so should Ned, Nick and Bobby after the scene with the dog in Act II. The chorus numbers should be bright and swinging, with fairly regular rhyme and rhythm, allowing for the devising of simple steps. Elaborate dancing is not essential—merely walking to and fro in strict time to the music gives a good effect. Place has also been made for the introduction of two or

three specialties in the way of drills or solo dances, which may be given by persons not appearing in other parts of the play if desired. Don't be afraid of putting life and action into the performance. Played with energy and enthusiasm, it can be counted on to afford plenty of lively fun and entertainment.

ON STAGING AND REHEARSING.

It is difficult to make many suggestions which will be of general value, because the problem of staging an amateur show varies with every school that undertakes it. The following hints may be helpful, however, to those who have had only limited experience, and especially to schools.

SELECTING THE CAST.—The best way to select the cast is to call all candidates together, explain the character of the play to them, and then distribute books, or a type-written sheet or two, and hold try-outs before a committee. This gives everyone an equal chance and avoids charges of favoritism which are apt to be made if the players are selected in advance. Before making its selections, however, the committee should always consult with the music teacher, English teacher, and others, in order to be sure that the pupils chosen have the required talents for the part. Pupils who must work in teams, such as the American boys and girls, should be chosen as far as possible from the same "set" or "crowd," so that the group will be harmonious. Avoid idlers, troublesome pupils and those who are not wholly reliable.

In addition to the first cast, it is well for the committee to pick a list of alternates, so that gaps in the original cast may be easily filled. The best plan is to promote from the ranks and then fill the vacant place with an understudy.

When once the cast and chorus have been chosen, the rehearsals should be conducted separately. Few things are more discouraging for young actors than to be asked to stand and wait while a chorus is being drilled, and in the same way it is weary work for the chorus to wait while

two people rehearse a dialogue. Let the ten principals work alone, learning the stage business, the exits and entrances, and the solos, while the chorus meets with the musical director at another time and place. Then, after two weeks of preliminary practice, it will give new life and interest to the rehearsals to bring the whole group together for the complete practice.

Perhaps a few hints on the method of rehearsal will not be out of place. We will take the principals first. Set the hour for rehearsals and see to it that everyone is there on time. Don't run the practice for more than an hour and a half at the most, but make every minute count. Start going through the business, or action, at the very first rehearsal. Never let a player say, "I'll do that on the night of the show," or make excuses. Put everything in the first rehearsal that you expect to have at the last one, and then spend all the other rehearsals polishing it and making it smooth and finished. By all means avoid delaying the rehearsal while you discuss such matters as costume and make-up with an individual performer. Do that at another time. Keep going, make everybody work, and stop while they still want to go on.

Let the principals learn their songs at another time, not while the practice is going on. Once they are learned, however, they should be sung as they occur in the course of the piece. If your singers are not experienced, do not require more than one stanza of a solo. Remember that business, or action, is just as important as words in a comedy. The best way to coach is to show by example just how it should be done. Make the actor stand out in front, and watch the gestures, and hear the lines, as the coach delivers them. Don't waste much time asking the actor to think, and to reason, and to use his imagination. You will save much time and get better results by demonstrating just how it goes. If you realize that a player is hopeless, drop him, or shift him to a minor part, before it is too late. Do not wait till the last week; it is almost impossible then.

Insist that the principals learn their lines by the third or fourth rehearsal. The spoken part is not long and the lines are short and easy. Don't waste time letting players go on reading aloud to each other. There is no freedom while the book is used. Buy plenty of books, by the way, and don't waste time and energy having pupils copy parts. It is far cheaper to supply everyone with a play-book.

In rehearsing the chorus, the first step is to gather the troupe around a piano and teach them all the words and tunes of all the songs used. This applies to the refrain, of course, since they will have no occasion to use the verse. Do not attempt to teach any steps, or entrances, or exits, or motions of any kind, until the chorus can sing every word of every song. Of course all the actors do not appear in all the numbers, but it will save time to teach them in any case.

Once the songs are known, take each group separately and drill it in the required steps and business. A good solo, for example, is sung by Eleanor. She is alone on the stage at the time, but it gives a pretty effect to have all the boys, or the sailors, or eight girls and eight boys, appear from the wings during the chorus, and go through some simple steps. These should be explained a line at a time and then rehearsed and rehearsed so that when the number is tried out with Eleanor present it will go without a hitch. The entrance of Punko introduces a comic song and dance. This should be really comic and call for some prancing steps by the chorus. The best plan is to select a four-line or eight-line stanza and then devise steps which fit the same number of counts. Be sure that the chorus comes in promptly on the first line and leaves just as promptly on the last. Be sure to rehearse all encores, and train the pupils to hold themselves in readiness to repeat the original entrance. This is not always easy, because they may leave the stage in a different order from that required for entrance.

With the chorus rehearsals, as with the cast, the important thing is to keep them busy, to leave no time for loafing, and to stop before they want you to. Then, when both

groups have the play well in hand, call a full rehearsal and begin fitting the whole thing together. They will be rattled, of course, and much repetition will be necessary, but it will round out in time.

An excellent plan during the period of rehearsals is to have an informal party and "spread" after the evening's practice. Many schools have a banquet, with the dreaded toasts, and so forth, after a performance is over, but an informal meal while the work of preparation is going on will do far more for the spirit and enthusiasm of the cast, and for the success of the performance.

The whole time of preparation should not exceed four weeks. It can be done in three, but the work is more intensive. Don't let it drag, in any case. Actors and coach alike lose interest and spirit, and the show is apt to "go dead," as the saying is. Need I say that tickets should be sold in advance and the play well advertised? No, if you ever had anything to do with an amateur show in your life, I need not!

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance up stage, etc.; up stage, away from footlights; down stage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

IN HOT TAMALE LAND

ACT I.

SCENE: *Courtyard of the DON's palace in Hot Tamale Land. This may be a garden, park or woodland setting. Wings suggesting Spanish or Moorish architecture, with tiled roofs and latticed windows, are desirable but not essential. A garden wall across stage near back drop, with broad gateway at C., will add to the effect and will assist a large chorus to get on and off quickly. But side entrances only will serve if necessary. (While adequate scenery is a help, it is not essential, for the whole play can be presented on any platform which has entrances R. and L.)*

(Opening Chorus by JUANITA, SENORITAS and TOREADORS, with solo, if desired, by JUANITA, and finishing with full chorus.)

Enter PUNKO from back, pushing his way through the crowd.

PUNKO (*fiercely*). Girls, what was all that crying I heard?

CHORUS. Why, we were singing!

PUNKO. What, did you think that was singing?

CHORUS. Yes.

PUNKO. My, my, how easily some people are deceived! But this is no time for singing. Haven't you heard the news?

CHORUS. No.

PUNKO. Don Lemonadio di Gingerbeerio, the greatest bullfighter of all Hot Tamale Land, is dead.

CHORUS (*with distress and regret*). Dead!

PUNKO. Yes, he died this morning from injuries received from El Toro, the fiercest and most dangerous animal ever fought by Local No. 23 of the Bullfighters' Union.

JUANITA. How many men does that make altogether who have been killed by El Toro?

PUNKO. Seven.

CHORUS. Seven?

PUNKO. Yes, seven come eleven. (*Snaps fingers.*) Why, they even expect *me* to fight El Toro?

JUANITA. When will that be?

PUNKO. Never. The slaughter has gone far enough. I'm worried sick. I feel as washed out as a pair of socks in — laundry (*localize*). But I have resolved to call a halt.

JUANITA. How?

PUNKO. As walking delegate of Local 23 of the Bull-fighters' Union, I forbid the members to continue. (*Very pompous and haughty.*)

CHORUS. Hurrah!

PUNKO. We will not be horned any longer! (*Sweeping gesture with right arm.*)

CHORUS. Hurrah!

PUNKO. We will stick before we get stuck! (*Gesture with left arm.*)

CHORUS. Hurrah!

(*Solo with chorus, by PUNKO, SENORITAS and TOREADORS.*)

(*Use Spanish song if possible, but remember PUNKO is a comic character. All exit at close.*)

DON SODA and DOLORES enter R. 2 E.

DON. My dear, I have just three interests in the world.

DOLORES. And what are they?

DON. One is raising pickles, and the second is raising money for bullfights, and the third is raising you. Now you must get married.

DOLORES. Well, what kind of a husband would you advise me to get?

DON. I'd advise you to get a single man and let the husbands alone. What do you think of Punko Doro?

DOLORES (*with contempt*). No indeed, he's much too cranky.

DON. Why, my dear, you're as full of airs as a phonograph.

DOLORES. That may be true, but I won't go with a crank, just the same.

DON. Now, this is the day the wealthy American is due.

DOLORES. Who, Ezra McWhackle?

DON. Yes, the pickle king. First we must sell him a shipload of pickles. And second, we must entertain him with a gorgeous bullfight.

DOLORES. Oh father, you're crazy over bullfighting.

DON. Nonsense, child. McWhackle is an American. All Americans are sports. Therefore he'll enjoy a bullfight, especially if they fight El Toro.

DOLORES. That reminds me. Lemonadio di Gingerbeerio died this morning.

DON (*off-hand*). Oh well, that doesn't matter. We must expect to lose a man occasionally. There are plenty more of them.

DOLORES. Yes, if they don't refuse to fight.

DON (*easily*). Oh I guess there's no danger of that. And Dolores, my child, do your best to entertain Mr. McWhackle and his friends. It may mean a better price for the pickles.

DOLORES. Supposing I dance for him?

(*Duet by DON and DOLORES. Use a number that affords good harmony for two parts, followed by simple Spanish dance.*)

After Specialty, PUNKO enters R. 1 E.

PUNKO (*excited*). Good news, Don Soda! The American ship has just dropped anchor in the harbor. (*Points off L.*)

DON. Ah, then McWhackle is here.

PUNKO. Yes, and with a whole company of his friends and relatives.

DOLORES. Well Punko, you had better go and yank out the guards to guard the Yanks. We must give them a hearty welcome.

PUNKO. I'll say we must, Señorita. I'll go and summon them. (*Exit quickly L.*)

DON. That fellow moves mighty fast for a walking delegate.

DOLORES. I should think he'd be too lazy to run.

DON. Yes, but laziness runs in his family.

DOLORES. Perhaps he's worried.

DON. He is. He worries so much he might have brain fever, only he hasn't any place to put it.

Enter PUNKO, with TOREADORS and SEÑORITAS, L., followed by SAILORS, AMERICAN BOYS and GIRLS, ELEANOR, NED, DICK, AGATHA and MCWHACKLE. This introduces entire company except BOBBY.

(Grand Chorus. Use march to bring first group on stage, starting song as SAILORS appear. Make this number big and showy as possible, working up to entrance of MCWHACKLE and AGATHA as climax. Group chorus at back, principals down stage, in this order: R., PUNKO, JUANITA, NED, DICK, AGATHA, MCWHACKLE, ELEANOR, DOLORES, DON, L.)

EZRA. Well, well, folks, this is right smart of a reception you're giving us. Gosh, if I'd known what was comin', I'd have put on my other collar.

DON (*with a sweeping bow*). You do us honor, Señor. Welcome to Hot Tamale Land.

EZRA. How's the pickle crop?

DON. Fine.

EZRA. Well, if it's anything near as good looking as the girls around here—(*looking around*).

AGATHA (*sternly*). Ezra!

EZRA (*timidly*). Yes, Agatha?

AGATHA. We will change the subject.

EZRA. Yes, my dear. (*Aside.*) Gosh, I do hate that woman. Well Dook (*taking out cigar*) as I was saying, business is certainly good this year, and—

AGATHA (*more sternly*). Ezra!

EZRA (*more mildly*). Yes, my love?

AGATHA. What have you got in your hand?

EZRA. Why, er—why, it seems to be a see-gar.

AGATHA. Give it to me. (*Takes it and throws it on floor. PUNKO carefully steps over and screens it with foot. He takes it up later.*)

EZRA. Yes, my dear. (*Aside.*) Suffering Moses, but I do dislike that woman!

DOLORES. Perhaps the Señorita is tired after the journey.

AGATHA. You are right. We will withdraw and give my brother-in-law a chance to arrange his affairs. But Ezra—

EZRA. Yes, honeybunch.

AGATHA. Remember now, no flirting!

EZRA. Oh, no, my dear, of course not. (*Aside.*) Gosh darn, but I am prejudiced against that woman!

(*Repeat last chorus to clear stage. All exit but EZRA and ELEANOR.*)

(*ELEANOR goes up, L. Puts handkerchief to eyes.*)

EZRA. Why, what's the matter, child? You're crying.

ELEANOR. No, father, I'm not. (*Turning, but still dabbing her eyes.*)

EZRA. Yes you are, Eleanor, and I know the reason. It's about that trifling Hunter fellow.

ELEANOR. Well—yes, it is.

EZRA. Now, the best thing you can do with that boy is to forget him. He's a dead one.

ELEANOR. No, he's not.

EZRA. Yes, he is. Why, he couldn't show enough speed to get arrested in — (*localize*).

ELEANOR. It's not true. You are just prejudiced against him because he's poor.

EZRA. But you know what I told him.

ELEANOR. About the ten thousand dollars?

EZRA. Yes, I told him he could marry you just as soon as he'd made that much on his own hook.

ELEANOR. That's asking a great deal too much of him. A young man can't make ten thousand dollars all at once these days.

EZRA. Can't, hey? Why, when I was his age I started

clerking in a grocery store, and in two years I'd saved enough to buy the store.

ELEANOR. Yes, but they didn't use cash registers in those days.

EZRA. Well, there's no use talking. He'll never make that much money, and I'll never consent until he does, so you'd better be looking round for someone else. This Don Poppo fellow, now, he'd make you a good husband.

ELEANOR. I'd like to see him try it. I'd soon put him on ice.

EZRA. All right, suit yourself. I'm going to inspect the pickles, and the señoritas, too, if Agatha doesn't interrupt. Gee Christopher, but I do dislike that woman! (*Exit L.*)

ELEANOR. Marry Don Poppo, indeed! No thank you. I have just one heart for one little boy who has one little heart for me.

(*Solo by ELEANOR, with chorus by AMERICAN BOYS, or by both BOYS and GIRLS. Should be a lively song, but not comic. Have BOYS sing one line and ELEANOR next, with dialogue effect. Exit all at close.*)

Enter NED and DICK, L.

NED. Some little trip; eh, old man?

DICK. I'll say so. The joy rides aren't all made in automobiles, are they?

Enter BOBBY, R., in ragged costume. Backs cautiously and doesn't see boys.

NED. When I saw that daughter of Poppo's, I felt like singing that old song from Floradora, "Tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?"

(*BOBBY backs into them. All jump.*)

DICK. Bob Hunter, what in the world are you doing here?

NED. I'll be hanged if it isn't Bobby.

BOBBY. Not so loud, fellows, for heaven's sake. Not so loud. (*These three speeches are rapid and jumbled.*)

NED. Yes, but Bob, where on earth did you spring from?

BOBBY. Shut up, and I'll tell you. I'm a stowaway.
(*Goes C.*)

NED and DICK (*shouting*). A stowaway!

BOBBY. That's what I said. Only you needn't yell it all over the place.

DICK. Yes, but what's the big idea? (*Goes R.*)

BOBBY. Well, you know I love Eleanor. And what's more, she loves me, too.

NED (*matter of fact*). Well then, why don't you get married?

BOBBY. Because her father objects.

DICK. Objects?

BOBBY. Yes, that's why he brought her on this trip, just to separate us. Of course, I couldn't raise the price of the trip, but I couldn't stand being parted from Eleanor like that, so I became a stowaway.

NED. Very brave and noble. But now what are you going to do? (*Goes L.*)

BOBBY. I must raise ten thousand dollars.

NED and DICK. What?

BOBBY. Yes, ten thousand dollars. Old McWhackle said I couldn't marry her unless I could prove my ability by earning that much.

NED. How?

BOBBY. That's just the point. I don't know how, but you fellows must help me to find out. But first I want to see Eleanor, and tell her I'm here.

DICK. Well, you can't do it in these clothes. You cut back to the ship and get some real duds, and then we'll get our heads together.

BOBBY. We'll make it somehow. (*Going R.*) Stand by me boys. We'll fool old McWhackle yet. (*Quick exit, R.*)

NED. Well, wouldn't that eat you!

DICK. So the old man demanded ten thousand dollars.

NED (*solemnly*). Ten thousand dollars was a lot of money.

DICK. It is yet.

NED. Maybe he didn't approach the old boy properly.

DICK. I guess the trouble was that he turned around!

Enter DOLORES, L.

DOLORES. Ah, here are the two handsome gentlemen from North America.

NED. Oh, did you hear what she called us?

DICK. I'm not surprised. Every girl that meets me falls in love with me.

NED. Some girls don't care what becomes of them.

DOLORES. And where do you come from?

NED. We are college-bred students from—(*localise*).

DOLORES. And what is college bred?

NED. That's a four years' loaf.

DICK. And the biggest loafers are the fellows with the most crust.

DOLORES. What do the people do who live in—(*localise*).

DICK. Most of them are students in college.

DOLORES. And what do the people do who don't go to college?

DICK. They do the students.

(*Trio and dance by DOLORES, DICK and NED. Chorus by SAILORS, or by TOREADORS and SENORITAS. Exit all at close.*)

Enter McWHACKLE and DON, L.

DON (*swearing*). Sacramento! San Juan Capistrano! Chili con-carne! E pluribus unum! (*Expand as desired.*)

EZRA (*amiably interested*). What ails ye, Don? Ye seem all het up.

DON. Heated! I should say I am! Accursed be these unions, anyhow!

EZRA. Yes, but why?

DON. Punko Doro, the walking delegate of Local 23 of the Bullfighters' Union, has threatened to call the whole bunch out on strike.

EZRA. Why?

DON. Ah, they won't face El Toro. Just because he has killed seven men, they refuse to take any further chances.

EZRA. How prejudiced! (*Accent on second syllable.*)

DON. Why, it's ridiculous. Of course a few toreadors will be killed occasionally. It's part of the game. And they have no reason to kick. I have personally donated an elegant cemetery for their exclusive use.

EZRA. And still they object to being killed?

DON. Yes.

EZRA. Well, it just shows how ungrateful the working class is getting to be, that's all!

DON. I had planned a festival fight for your special entertainment. But you sha'n't be disappointed. I'll find a toreador somewhere who will face El Toro.

EZRA (*with sudden idea*). Say, I wonder if Sister Fidget would volunteer.

DON (*puzzled*). Sister Fidget?

EZRA. Yes, Eleanor's guardian, you know. Of course, she might not win, but I don't know as that would matter. Say, Don, you just can't imagine how I dislike that woman!

DON. Is she mean?

EZRA. Mean! Why that woman is so mean she would steal a dead fly from a blind spider.

DON. Well, I doubt if she'd fight with El Toro, even at that. But I'll find someone who will. (*Going L.*) Why, if he wins he will be famous!

EZRA (*following*). Yes, and if he loses he'll be buried in a lovely private cemetery, anyway. (*Exit both, L.*)

Short pause, then BOBBY, smartly dressed, enters R.

BOBBY. Well, clothes may not make the man, but they make all of him except his hands and face, and that's a good deal. I guess I'm taking a chance in being here, but fellows who fall in love are generally taking some chances, anyway.

(*Solo by BOBBY, with chorus by AMERICAN BOYS or GIRLS, or both. Exit chorus at close of song.*)

ELEANOR *enters L.*

ELEANOR (*not seeing BOBBY*). I wonder where the boys can be.

BOBBY. Halt, fair maid, and seek no further, replied he with a smile.

ELEANOR (*startled*). Why, Bobby Hunter, what in the world are you doing here?

BOBBY. I'm talking to my future wife.

ELEANOR. Don't be absurd. How are you feeling?

BOBBY. I'm sick.

ELEANOR. Sick?

BOBBY. Yes, I can't eat, can't sleep at night, no appetite, all shot to pieces.

ELEANOR. Why don't you take something for it?

BOBBY. I'm going to.

ELEANOR. What are you going to take?

BOBBY. You.

ELEANOR. But you know father won't let you.

BOBBY. Well, but we must take a chance. Love is a lottery, anyhow.

ELEANOR. Is it?

BOBBY. Yes, all lovers have been gamblers, even since Adam and Eve.

ELEANOR. Were Adam and Eve gamblers?

BOBBY. Certainly. They shook a pair o'dice,

ELEANOR. Father has no right to object to you just because you are poor. It's no crime to be poor.

BOBBY. Oh, yes it is. And the punishment is hard labor. We must raise the money.

ELEANOR (*coming closer*). But how?

BOBBY (*taking her hands*). Let's put our heads together.

ELEANOR. We might.

BOBBY (*earnestly*). If I should kiss you, would you call for your folks?

ELEANOR. Not unless you wanted to kiss the whole family!

(*Duet and dance by BOBBY and ELEANOR. Use a bright catchy song, letting BOBBY and ELEANOR take alternate lines. Use chorus if desired, and exit all at close.*)

Enter AGATHA, L., and DON, R., meeting at C.

AGATHA. Have you seen Mr. McWhackle about, Don Soda?

DON. No madam, I have not.

AGATHA. I am worried about him. He has been out of my sight over twenty minutes.

DON. You don't trust him, then, madam?

AGATHA. I don't trust any man, Don Soda.

DON. But some women marry them.

AGATHA. Some women have smallpox, too, for that matter. A man and his wife are supposed to be one, but more often they're ten.

DON. How's that?

AGATHA. He's one and she's nothing.

DON. Well, I guess the women you know must be different from the ones here.

AGATHA. How so?

DON. Well, a man and his wife are one here,—the only question is which one.

AGATHA. I don't think there'd be any question about that in my case.

DON. No, I hardly think so myself.

AGATHA. But we are wasting time. I must find Ezra without delay.

DON (*offering arm*). If I may accompany you, Miss Fidget, I should be charmed.

AGATHA. Well, I am not anxious for the pleasure, but if you insist. (*Exit both, L.*)

Enter HERALD with bugle, bell or horn.

HERALD (*bawling*). Hear ye! Hear ye! Tomorrow will be amateurs' day in the arena. Don Soda di Poppo offers ten thousand dollars to the man who will meet and conquer El Toro, the savage and untamed!

Enter NED, DICK and BOBBY, arm in arm, R.

NED (*to HERALD*). What's that you're hollering about?

HERALD. Don Soda offers ten thousand dollars to the man who will meet and conquer El Toro, the savage and untamed!

DICK. How much?

HERALD. Ten thousand.

NED. Just for one bullfight?

HERALD. Yes.

NED. Spot cash?

HERALD. Yes. (*Going.*) Ten thousand dollars to the man, who—(*etc. Exit, calling, R.*)

NED (*excited*). Listen to that, Bobby, old man. This is your chance. Here's where you raise the ten thousand.

BOBBY (*disgusted*). Rot! It's impossible.

NED (*enthusiastically*). Nonsense. Nothing is impossible when you're in love.

BOBBY (*at C.*). But what earthly chance should I have as a bullfighter?

DICK (*at R.*). What earthly chance have you to earn ten thousand dollars any other way?

BOBBY. But I don't know the slightest thing about bullfighting.

NED (*at L.*). That doesn't matter. The fight doesn't come off till tomorrow. You can study up.

BOBBY. Study up?

NED. Yes, there must be books published on the subject.

BOBBY. No, it's too big a risk. (*Goes up stage.*)

DICK. Risk nothing! Any man that's willing to get married ought to be willing to take a few other chances. (*Follows BOBBY.*)

NED (*following*). Yes, and besides, there's the risk of losing the girl.

DICK. How do you suppose she'll feel when she hears you're not even willing to tackle a measley little two-by-four bullfight for her sake.

NED. She'll probably throw you down cold. (*All come down stage again quickly.*)

DICK. It's your chance to become famous.

NED. We'll be your seconds.

BOBBY. Seconds?

NED. Yes, sit in your corner of the ring and fan you

with a towel, like this. See? (*Business of fanning with handkerchief.*)

BOBBY (*considering*). Well, if you think I stand any chance—

NED (*enthusiastically*). Of course you stand a chance. Now listen. There's to be a grand assembly soon to call for volunteers for the conflict. You dress yourself up as a regular toreador, present yourself when the herald calls for you, and you'll knock 'em all cold.

BOBBY (*disconsolately*). Yes, and then tomorrow El Toro will knock me all cold.

DICK. Oh, come off. Faint heart never won fair lady.

BOBBY. No, but it never got killed in a bullfight, either.

NED (*disgusted*). Oh don't argue so.

DICK. We're wasting time. Go on, be a man.

BOBBY (*deciding*). Well, all right. I will. But you must give me all the help you can.

DICK and NED. Sure. We'll do that, count on us. This will be a cinch. (*Exit all down R.*)

(*Introduce Spanish dance or other specialty to give BOBBY time to change to toreador costume.*)

Enter EZRA, JUANITA and SENORITAS up R., laughing and talking, EZRA surrounded by girls.

EZRA. Girls, I haven't been here very long, but I'm awfully glad we got acquainted, anyway.

JUANITA. You like it here?

EZRA. Yes, indeed. All I hope is you won't leave me.

JUANITA. Oh, don't worry.

EZRA. Girls, you make me think of Sister Fidget. You're so different. I wonder where she is. My land, but I do hate that woman!

JUANITA. She was with Don Soda di Poppo when we saw her.

EZRA. I bet the Don wishes somebody had shot Columbus before he ever discovered America. But come on, girls, I'm a grass-widower. Let's make hay while the sun shines.

JUANITA. What, are you a grass-widower?

EZRA. Yes, my wife eloped with a chauffeur. Ever since then I can't stand the sound of an automobile horn.

JUANITA. Ah, for fear it will bring back sad memories?

EZRA. No, for fear it is the chauffeur bringing back my wife!

(Comic song and dance by McWHACKLE and SENORITAS. Exit all at close.)

Enter DICK and JUANITA, L.

JUANITA. So you have been engaged before?

DICK. Yes, I was engaged once, but the girl and I had a falling out.

JUANITA. How was that?

DICK. The rope of the hammock broke.

JUANITA. No wonder you fell out.

DICK. When I lost her, I thought the light of my life had gone out.

JUANITA. Do you still think so?

DICK. No, I think now I've struck another match.

JUANITA. But can you make a living in —— (*localize*).

DICK. Oh, yes, anyone can make a living in —— (*localize*). We have people there who get paid just for talking.

JUANITA. What do they talk about?

DICK. Nobody knows.

JUANITA. Nobody knows?

DICK. No, they talk all day long, but nobody understands what they say, and they don't understand what anybody else says to them.

JUANITA. Who are they?

DICK. The telephone girls. Look, here comes that herald again. Let's go where we won't be interrupted. (*Exit both quickly.*)

(Grand Chorus, introducing the entire company. Enter TOREADORS, SENORITAS, AMERICAN BOYS and GIRLS, SAILORS and all principals except BOBBY and NED. Group to show space at back. Use Toreador's song from "Carmen" if pos-

sible. Brass instruments on stage will add greatly. Try for pageant effect, with banners, scarfs and flowers.)

DON. Now then, all is prepared, and the lists are open. What brave soul will offer to battle with El Toro? (*Pause*). Come now, just think of the price. Ten thousand dollars to the man who conquers El Toro in the arena.

Enter NED, up R.

NED. One moment, Don Soda, if you please. A champion has arrived. He is prepared to enter the arena promptly at noon tomorrow, there to battle El Toro to the death. (*Declaims majestically*). Strike up the trumpets. Beat the drums! Behold, a toreador now comes!

Finale by principals and chorus, during which BOBBY enters dressed as a toreador. Great applause. McWHACKLE faints in arms of NED and DICK.

R.

POSITIONS.

L.

DICK, McWHACKLE, NED, BOBBY, DON, ELEANOR,
AGATHA, PUNKO, DOLORES, JUANITA.

CURTAIN

ACT II.

SCENE: *Same as Act I, that afternoon. Rise of curtain with soft music reveals ELEANOR alone.*

ELEANOR. Oh, dear, I can't help feeling worried about Bobby. Of course he's very brave and daring, but I'm afraid he's taking a terrible risk for my sake. However, the contract's all signed and sealed now, so he couldn't withdraw if he wanted to, and there's nothing to do but cheer up and make the best of it.

(*Solo by ELEANOR, introducing chorus of SENORITAS or AMERICAN GIRLS, if desired. Exit all at close.*)

McWHACKLE, AGATHA and DICK enter R.

EZRA. I tell you it's a joke. That boy doesn't stand any more chance to win than a Democrat in—(*localize*).

DICK. Oh, you can't always tell, Mr. McWhackle. It's often these little fellows that have the most stuff in them. Look at — (*localize*), for example.

EZRA. Well, he'll get the stuffing all knocked out of him if he tackles this bullfight.

AGATHA (*sternly*). Ezra!

EZRA. Yes, my child.

AGATHA. I don't want to hear another word against this young man. If he is killed you will be to blame.

EZRA. Oh, but I never thought he'd do anything like this.

AGATHA. Of course you didn't think. It requires *brains* to think.

EZRA (*to DICK*). Suffering sassafras, but I do detest that woman!

DICK. But you'll keep your promise, won't you, Mr. McWhackle, about Eleanor?

EZRA. Well, I don't know whether I will or not.

AGATHA. Ezra!

EZRA. Yes, angel face?

AGATHA. You will keep your promise!

EZRA (*very meekly*). Yes, I will keep my promise.

DICK. Good for you.

EZRA. That is, if I have to. But Bobby hasn't one chance in the world to win. He's bound to be killed.

DICK. Well, if he is, there's an elegant private graveyard for the funeral.

EZRA. Don't talk like that. You give me the willies.

AGATHA. Be more careful of your English, Ezra. Say the Williams.

EZRA (*going with hands to his head*). Oh, my stars, this is awful. Oh why did I ever leave — (*localize*)? (*Exit all, L.*)

NED enters R.

NED. There goes poor old McWhackle. I bet the old boy is worrying. Sister Fidget is enough to worry anyone. Thank goodness I have something better to think of. Dolores is certainly a queen. I'm glad I met her in the shade of the sheltering palm.

(*Solo by NED. Exit at close.*)

After NED's solo, BOBBY enters, walking slowly and reading a huge book with "*Bullfights and How to Fight Them*" on the cover.

BOBBY (*reading*). "It is the duty of the picadors to torment the savage beast until he becomes frantic with rage." (*Business, reads.*) "The matadors wave scarlet cloaks, which will serve to still further infuriate him." (*Business.*) This bull will be getting mad in a minute. (*Reads.*) "The pain of the banderillos, or steel-tipped darts, which have been flung at him, has aroused every drop of savage fury and hatred." Gosh! (*Reads.*) "At this point of the fight the torreador enters the arena." That's me! (*Reads.*) "For the opening round he presents himself entirely unarmed, and takes a place directly in the path of the charging animal." Oh my land, this is awful! (*Reads.*) "Standing unmoved in his tracks, he awaits with composure the mad onrush." Oh, no, he doesn't! This thing has gone far enough. "Stands unmoved." "Every drop of savage hatred and fury." Christopher Columbus! It makes my hair curl just to think of it. (*Reads.*) "A skillful torreador will

sometimes leap entirely over the charging beast." Yes, and an unskilled one will leap clear over the fence and beat it! Oh, this won't do! I'll find some other way to raise the ten thousand dollars. I was a fool to listen to those fellows.

NED and DICK enter L.

NED. Well, Bobby, is your soul in arms and eager for the fray?

BOBBY. No, it isn't, not by a darned sight. I'm going to quit.

BOTH (*astonished*). Quit!

BOBBY. Yes, quit. I was a fool to agree to do it in the first place.

DICK. Oh, but you can't do that. The whole thing's arranged.

BOBBY (*abruptly*). Well then, disarrange it.

NED (*soothingly*). Now look here, old man, this won't do at all. You're just a little rattled, that's all. You must study up a little.

BOBBY. That's just what I have been doing.

DICK. Oh, books don't help you much. It's practice.

BOBBY. Practice!

NED. It's just like driving an auto.

BOBBY. Well, if I ever meet El Toro, I'll probably get a puncture.

NED. Why don't you try psychology on him?

BOBBY. What?

NED. Don't you know? The power of the human eye over animals is enormous. Now, psychology tells us that a man may often control the fiercest animal just by fixing him with the human eye.

BOBBY. Yes, but maybe this animal has never studied psychology.

DICK. You ought to be able to put him to sleep entirely.

BOBBY. Oh, but I'm not a professor of psychology. Now if only Professor —— (*localize*) were here to lecture to him, he could probably put him to sleep in a very short time.

DICK. Well, you must practice. I'll tell you what we might do. Let's get a dog or something and try it.

(NOTE: *The following scene may be cut if a dog cannot be obtained.*)

NED. Yes, we could use a bull dog.

DICK. Let's try it, anyway. I'll fetch Sport. (*Exit R.*)

BOBBY. It's all very well for you fellows to talk like this, but I'm willing to quit.

NED. Why, you can't quit now. You know what I told you. Eleanor would never forgive you if you backed out of a piffling little bullfight. If you don't fight it'll look as if you didn't care for her.

BOBBY. Yes, and if I do fight, it'll look as if I don't care for myself.

DICK *enters R., leading a dog by a chain.*

DICK. Here you are, old man. This ought to be a splendid subject to practice on.

BOBBY. All right. Get him out where I can work on him.

NED. Yes, "take a place directly in the path of the advancing animal."

BOBBY. Oh, shut up.

NED. Why?

BOBBY. It sounds too darned realistic.

DICK. Of course, this beast is a little too tame for real work. He ought to be frantic with rage.

NED. Yes, he ought to be aroused to the utmost limit of savage fury and hatred.

BOBBY. He probably will be when we get through. Shut up now, and give me a chance. Here Towser, look at me. (*Makes motions of hypnotizing.*)

NED (*prompting dog*). Here, don't rubber round like that! Pay attention.

DICK (*same business*). Look at him, darn it. Don't look at me.

BOBBY. Wait. We need more action. How's this? (*More business of waving hands.*)

DICK. Doesn't seem to mind it much. I guess he's excited.

BOBBY. I don't blame him. I am, too. Come on, Towser. Look me in the eye! (*Gets down on hands and knees.*) Now go into a trance!

NED. Try growling at him, that might do.

(*Work up this business, ad lib.*)

BOBBY. It's no use, fellows. We've got to have something more reliable than this human eye business to depend on.

DICK. Well, it looks like that to me, too. Here; I tell you what. We'll ditch the dog, and have a little real practice.

BOBBY. How?

DICK (*going to wings*). Here are some parasols left by the Señoritas. (*Takes dog off stage and brings back a parasol and a large scarf.*) You take this for a sword, and we'll be the savage El Toro. (*Hands parasol to BOBBY.*)

BOBBY. My, but you have a vivid imagination. Don't get so excited. You might mistake the umbrella for a banderillo.

NED. What are those?

BOBBY. They are the steel-pointed darts the giddy toreador harpoons the bull with.

(*DICK puts his hands on NED's shoulders, lockstep fashion, and crouches slightly, with scarf over his back.*)

NED. All right. Get your sword up. Here we come.

(*NED and DICK charge, bawling "Moo, moo!" BOBBY runs, tries to climb arch of stage, etc.*)

DICK. No, no, that's not it. Stand your ground. Put on a bold front.

BOBBY. How can I put on a bold front when my only shirt is in the wash? (*Goes L.*)

NED. No, no. Stand still. Now, when El Toro charges, step lightly to one side and harpoon him. Try it. (*NED and DICK join up, as before, at extreme R. They paw the ground with their feet, bawl "moo," and charge. BOBBY pokes NED with parasol. NED doubles up.*)

NED. Confound it! What are you doing? (*Coughing and gasping.*)

BOBBY (*joyously*). Putting on a bold front.

NED. Well, you knocked all the wind out of me.

BOBBY (*enthusiastically*). Oh, I'm getting on. I'm improving. Let's have some more.

NED. Not me. I'm through.

DICK. Enough is plenty for me.

BOBBY. Aw, you fellows are slow. I'm just getting started. Believe me, I'm going to be some little toreador when I get started. Lead me to the arena! You know you told me we'd fool old McWhacklé yet.

(*Trio song and dance by BOBBY, NED and DICK. Use quick, lively song, with brisk steps on refrain. Exit all at close.*)

ELEANOR and EZRA enter L.

EZRA. Well, I've done a lot of foolish things in my life, but the worst break of all was when I let your Aunt Agatha come on this trip. Gee-whillikens, but I do dislike that woman! She's so bossy.

ELEANOR. Oh father, you mustn't mind her. That's only her way.

EZRA. Yes, but durn it, I don't like her way.

ELEANOR. You know she's always thinking of your interest.

EZRA. I'm afraid she's thinking of my principal, too. I wish she'd die, or get married, or something.

ELEANOR. Married? To whom?

EZRA. That's just it. If only Bobby Hunter wanted to marry *her*, I'd pay him a little something to do it.

ELEANOR. Oh no, father, that wouldn't do at all. If you want to get rid of Aunt Agatha, why not arrange a match for her with Don Soda di Poppo?

EZRA. Do you think he'd take a chance like that?

ELEANOR. Why not? He isn't any too young or good looking himself.

EZRA. Oh, I don't believe—still—perhaps you're right. It's worth trying, anyway. I'll hunt her up right now and

give her a good start. Daughter, that's a bright idea. Agatha Fidget as Mrs. Don Soda di Poppo. Well if that don't beat the dickens! I'll go chase her. (*Quick exit L.*)

ELEANOR. Well, what if she is a little older than she used to be? I've no doubt she would enjoy an affair of the heart just as much as I would. I'll go and find Don Soda, and see if I can't give him a hint! (*Exit R.*)

(NOTE: While the following scene is intended chiefly for PUNKO and the TOREADORS, it will be well to use all the chorus people, including AMERICANS and SAILORS, to help fill the stage. The whole episode should be played as a burlesque mob scene, with much cheering, groaning and responsive clamoring by the mob, at points indicated. Do not allow mob noises to conflict with PUNKO's lines. For phonetic purposes in mob scenes, pronounced indistinctly and with an angry drawl, the use of the word "rhu-barb!" is employed. Pronounced slowly, with each syllable prolonged, it has a truly mobbish sound, and is permissible in travesty scenes such as this.)

A confused murmur is heard off-stage L., with shouts, cheers and groans. Voices may be distinguished yelling, "Down with strike-breakers!" "We want a closed shop!" "Time-and-a-half for overtime," and so on. PUNKO enters L., surrounded by TOREADORS, then FULL CHORUS enters R. and L. The mob keeps in restless motion and continues shouting until PUNKO speaks. A TOREADOR brings a soap box and places it up C.

PUNKO (*mounting box and signalling for silence*). Toreadors! Matadors! Pickadors! Cuspidors! (*The mob quiets.*) Members of the Toreadors' Union, Local Number 23!

CHORUS (*waving arms*). Hurrah!

PUNKO. The time has come for us to assert our rights!

CHORUS. Hurrah!

PUNKO. I am standing at this minute in a situation that is fraught with danger!

A SAILOR. Get a stronger box.

CHORUS. Hurrah!

PUNKO (*ignoring the interruption*). We stand today at the weighing of the parts.

CHORUS. What?

PUNKO. I mean the parting of the ways.

CHORUS (*in confused clamor*). That's right! You said it! Stand by Local Number 23! Attaboy!

PUNKO. Members of Local 23! Do you want to see your union destroyed? Will you allow a base usurper to put his foot on your necks?

CHORUS. No, no!

PUNKO. Members of the local, stick together. Remember the old saying, in Spanish onions there is strength. (*The clamor breaks out afresh.*) But why do I call you together thus?

A SAILOR. You can search me.

PUNKO. Why do I summon you in solemn assembly?

ANOTHER SAILOR. What is this; a guessing contest?

THIRD SAILOR. Don't *ask* us; *tell* us.

PUNKO. Citizens of Hot Tamale Land, our liberties are threatened! The foundation of our greatness is undermined! Don Soda has invited a non-union toreador to enter the arena!

(*Bedlam breaks loose. TOREADORS shake fists and jabber volubly. Use Spanish words if possible. The crowd surges and seethes, TOREADORS arguing with AMERICANS, etc.*)

PUNKO (*gradually getting attention*). Members of Local 23. The hour of destiny is striking!

AN AMERICAN. I thought it was the bullfighters that were striking.

PUNKO. Shall we be robbed of our rights?

CHORUS. No!

PUNKO. Shall we tolerate the open shop?

A TOREADOR. A thousand nevers!

PUNKO. Come! Away to the arena! Let us summon the toreadors!

CHORUS. Hurrah!

PUNKO. The cast is dyed!

A SAILOR. What color?

PUNKO. I mean the dye is cast. Come! Away; away!

(The uproar is more violent than ever. Two TOREADORS raise PUNKO on their shoulders. They march once around stage, followed by TOREADORS and rest of CHORUS, then all exit L. Quick, stirring music will add to the effect.)

AGATHA and DON enter R.

AGATHA (*amiably*). Ah, Don Soda, perhaps if I had known you earlier, I might have had a better impression of mankind in general.

DON (*bowing*). You flatter me, Señorita.

AGATHA. My brother-in-law, McWhackle, for example, is such a coarse, crude person.

DON. Why, he told me he was one of the four hundred.

AGATHA. Well, if he is, he's one of the ciphers. But you, Don (*admiringly*), I can see you are a true son of Castile.

DON (*proudly*). My father was the man who invented Castile soap.

AGATHA. Now, these young men are so flighty.

DON. I think one of them is up in the air just at present.

AGATHA. Yes, that foolish Bobby person. For my part, I can't think what he sees in the simple child Eleanor. But then love is blind.

DON. Yes, but marriage is an eye-opener.

AGATHA (*giggling*). Oh, Don, you are so witty.

DON. Well a true son of Castile would naturally shine.

AGATHA (*giggles again*). You foolish man.

DON. Agatha—Aggie—may I press an ardent kiss—

AGATHA (*suddenly severe*). Yes, but wait. Those mustaches of yours, Don. Are they quite hygienic?

DON. Why, I think—

AGATHA. Ah, but we must take no chances. Let us be ardent, yes; but let us also be sanitary and salubrious. Allow me. (*Takes atomizer from hand bag and sprays DON's mustache*). Now. (*DON kisses her. Sentimentally.*) Soda, my love!

DON. Yes, honeybunch?

AGATHA (*matter-of-fact*). You need a shave!

DOLORES *enters L.*

DOLORES. Father, you ought not to be wasting time here.

DON. Don't worry, my child, I'm not wasting any time.
(*Puts arm around AGATHA.*)

DOLORES. Yes, but you are needed over at the arena. The toreadors are all very excited, and Punko Doro is standing on a soap box making a speech to them.

DON. That's bad business. We shall have trouble if we don't watch out. Aggie, let us go together and see what can be done.

AGATHA. Calm yourself, Soda, calm yourself. I will speak to them. (DON and AGATHA *exit L.*)

DOLORES. Well, I declare, that old lady seems quite taken by father. In fact, I think father will be quite taken by her if he doesn't watch out. Well, there's something very charming about these Americans. I think I could learn to love one if I tried.

(*Solo by DOLORES, who remains on stage after song.*)

NED *enters.*

NED. That's a pretty song.

DOLORES. I'm glad you like it.

NED. And a pretty singer, too.

DOLORES. That depends on whom you ask.

NED. Oh, I dare say a blind man might not think so.

DOLORES. Are you enjoying your visit?

NED. Yes, indeed.

DOLORES. Isn't the scenery beautiful?

NED (*gazing at her*). Lovely beyond description.

DOLORES. But you're not looking at it.

NED. I'm looking at the only scenery that has any attraction for me.

DOLORES. Oh, I can't see that I'm so beautiful.

NED. No, but everyone else can.

DOLORES. You're quite hopeless.

NED. I know it, dear. I'm in the incurable ward of the seventh heaven of happiness.

DOLORES. Then you've gone quite far enough.

NED. We only met today, but I believe I've loved you all my life.

(*Duet by NED and DOLORES. Use a love ballad. Exit both at close.*)

BOBBY and McWHACKLE enter from L.

BOBBY. The mistake you made, Mr. McWhackle, was in sizing up your man.

EZRA. Well, you don't size up very far.

BOBBY. Ah, you thought a little man couldn't fight. That's what ——— (*mention big prize fighter*) thought, too. Don't answer. You demanded ten thousand. (*Haughtily.*) All right. I've got it for you. That is, I will have it tomorrow.

EZRA. But I never intended you to get it this way. I meant you to work for it.

BOBBY. No, Mr. McWhackle. You shall see me win the money at one fell stroke. (*Descriptively.*) First the matadors and picadors will rouse El Toro till he becomes frantic with rage.

EZRA. They will, will they?

BOBBY. When he is maddened to the utmost limit of savage fury, I shall place myself, unarmed, directly in his path. (*Strikes attitude.*)

EZRA (*worried*). Stop.

BOBBY (*matter-of-fact*). Possibly I shall leap clear over him a couple of times, just to warm up.

EZRA (*going L.*). That's enough, that's plenty. I don't want to hear any more.

BOBBY. When the picadors have flung their banderillos—

EZRA (*repeats protests and exits L.*).

BOBBY. Well, I seem to have got the old boy's goat, anyway. Now if I can only get El Toro's, all will be well. I do wish I could find Eleancr. I haven't told her I love her for nearly an hour now.

(*Solo by BOBBY. He stays on stage after song, and—*)

DOLORES *enters from R.*

DOLORES. Ah, you are the brave hero who is to battle with El Toro.

BOBBY. Yes, Señorita, I'm the guy.

DOLORES (*admiringly*). Ah, you are so strong, so brave, so noble, so daring.

BOBBY (*chesty*). That's me all over, Mabel.

DOLORES. And to think that El Toro has already killed seven men.

BOBBY (*business of dismay*). How many did you say?

DOLORES. Seven.

BOBBY (*relieved*). Oh, only seven. I thought you said seventy. Well, seven isn't many. There have been more than that killed in a railroad wreck.

DOLORES. But El Toro is so huge, so terrible. He killed the last man by crushing him to death.

BOBBY (*shivers*). Oh, think of that!

DOLORES. But the man before that; El Toro ran his horns into him and threw him over the grandstand roof.

BOBBY (*business*). Was the roof very high?

DOLORES. Ninety feet.

BOBBY. Going up! Perhaps we had better change the subject. What's that pretty place up there (*pointing off-stage*)?

DOLORES. That's the cemetery.

BOBBY (*jarred afresh*). Cemetery?

DOLORES. Yes, where they bury all the toreadors who are killed in the arena.

BOBBY. Oh. (*business.*) Are there many of them—er—planted there?

DOLORES. About a thousand.

BOBBY. A thousand! But—er—didn't any of them die—er—natural deaths?

DOLORES. Oh, no! Every one was gored to death in the arena.

BOBBY. Gored! (*Business.*) Good gosh!

PUNKO, *very mad*, enters L.

PUNKO. Ah, ha. I have found you! You are discovered!

BOBBY. My land! This must be Christopher Columbus!

PUNKO. So, you are the fellow who dares to insult our union! (*Points to BOBBY's nose.*) Scab! Scab!

BOBBY. Oh, no. That's not a scab. It's just sunburn makes my nose peel like that.

PUNKO. Do you suppose I, Punko Doro, walking delegate of Local Number Twenty-three, Bullfighters' Union of Hot Tamale Land, will permit a non-union toreador to enter the arena? Never!

DOLORES. Now look here, Punko, there's no use quarreling with this man. Father is the man you must speak to. He arranged this fight.

PUNKO. Yes, I shall tell him! I shall warn him! Once let this scab set foot in the arena, and we will call every toreador in Hot Tamale Land out on a ninety-nine years' strike. Bullfighting will come to an end forever!

BOBBY. And a minute ago I thought I was to come to an end forever.

PUNKO (*dramatically*). There will be no fight!

BOBBY (*modestly*). Well, I never did think there'd be much of a one.

DOLORES. Father will give up anything rather than have the men strike.

BOBBY. Yes, but wait a minute. If you call off this fight, how will I get my ten thousand dollars?

PUNKO. What do I care about that? Come, child, we must find your father at once. (*Exit L., dragging DOLORES with him.*)

BOBBY (*alone*). Gosh, but that man has a mean disposition! No fight, no ten thousand. No ten thousand, no girl. This won't do at all. We're back to where we started. No, there must be a fight. I'm going to hold old Soda Poppo to his promise.

JUANITA, ELEANOR and DICK enter R.

ELEANOR. Have you heard the good news, Bob? Punko Doro is trying to stop the fight.

BOBBY. You don't call that good, do you?

ELEANOR. Why not?

BOBBY. Because if there's no fight, I can't get the money to marry you.

ELEANOR. But I probably shouldn't be able to marry you anyway.

BOBBY. Heavens! Why not?

ELEANOR. Because you'd probably be killed in the fight.

BOBBY. Well, if I can't marry you, I want to be killed.

DICK. Yes, but if you are killed what good would the ten thousand do?

JUANITA. But if he doesn't fight he won't get it.

BOBBY. Stop. I'm so rattled now I don't know whether I'm coming or going. Talk about something else.

DICK. What, for example?

BOBBY. Well, you, for example. What are you doing with that shy Señorita?

JUANITA. We are two souls with but a single thought.

BOBBY. What? He's proposed to you. You're in love!

DICK. You said something that time.

(*Song by BOBBY, ELEANOR, DICK and JUANITA. Exit all at close.*)

Enter DON, R., and NED, L. They meet at C.

DON. Quick, quick, Mr. Ned! Where is the Bobby person?

NED. I expect he's with the girl. You know girls who go fishing usually have a bob on the string.

DON. I must find him at once.

NED. Why?

DON. Things are in a fearful state. The whole union is out on strike, and the men say they'll stay out for ninety-nine years unless I cancel Bobby's contract.

NED. Tell them to go to thunder.

DON. Oh, I can't do that. Local Number Twenty-three is immensely strong. Of course, I hate to give up this fight, but I'd rather do that than give up bullfighting altogether. There isn't a moment to waste. Here he comes now.

BOBBY enters L.

DON (*to BOBBY*). You're just the man I want to see.

BOBBY (*calmly*). Well, here I am. Take an eyeful.

DON. I have decided to cancel the fight. The union insists on a closed shop.

BOBBY (*haughtily*). You mean you do not wish me to slaughter El Toro after all?

NED. That's it. He's cancelled.

BOBBY. Oh, no. I can't allow that. I won't agree to it.

NED *and* DON. What?

BOBBY. No, indeed. Remember who I am, the champion bullfighter of —(*localize*).

DON. Did you come from ——?

BOBBY. Yes. Wouldn't you?

DON. Maybe.

BOBBY. Yes, sir. I have a record to maintain. I have a rep' to live up to. I have promised to kill El Toro, and I shall keep my word!

DON (*alarmed*). But the whole sport will be ruined if you persist.

BOBBY (*off-hand*). What do I care about the sport? Didn't we both sign a contract for this fight? (*Producing papers.*)

DON. Yes.

BOBBY. All right. Then I shall hold you to the contract.

DON (*coaxing*). Give it up.

BOBBY (*firmly*). Never.

DON (*pleading*). But you must. If you insist on this fight, it will ruin my chances for future happiness.

BOBBY. And if I give it up, it'll ruin *my* chances for future happiness.

DON (*business-like*). Look here. Let's be reasonable. If you'll give up that contract, I'll make it worth your while.

BOBBY. How much?

DON. A thousand dollars.

BOBBY. No.

DON. Two thousand.

BOBBY. No.

DON. Five thousand.

BOBBY. No.

DON. How much, then?

BOBBY. If you want me to give up the fight, it'll cost you just ten thousand buckaroos.

DON. Make it less.

NED. Don't you do it.

BOBBY. Not a cent.

DON (*resigned*). Well, if I must, I must. It hurts me, but I'll do it. Ten thousand cash.

BOBBY. Yes, sir. And we'll cancel the whole thing the minute I get it.

DON. All right. Come on down to the palace, and I'll dig up the kale. (*Exit all, R.*)

(*Musical number, such as a Spanish dance or a drill. All participants exit at close.*)

McWHACKLE and ELEANOR enter L.

EZRA. Well, my dear, I guess we're pretty good match-makers.

ELEANOR. Yes, the Don has evidently come to the point.

EZRA. I hope he don't go back on his word. He's so worried about this darned fight he hasn't time for much else. However, I guess that event is all off now.

ELEANOR (*distressed*). Yes, it was Bobby's one chance to win that money, and now it's gone forever.

EZRA (*easily*). Oh, don't worry about that. I always told you he'd never raise it. He never has and he never will. We might as well go. (*Starts to go.*)

DON and BOBBY enter R.

EZRA. I was just saying, Don, that since the fight is called off, we might as well be leaving. Eleanor, you'd better say good-bye to the young feller. It ain't likely as you'll see him again.

BOBBY (*dramatically*). One moment, Mr. McWhackle.

EZRA. What is it?

BOBBY. This is important. Let me call some witnesses. Here, you. (*Beckons off-stage.*)

NED and DOLORES, AGATHA and PUNKO, DON and JUANITA and entire Chorus enter quickly from all sides.

BOBBY. Some time ago, I asked you for your daughter's hand.

EZRA. You did.

BOBBY. You told me that you would give your consent just as soon as I could produce ten thousand dollars cash that I had earned myself.

EZRA. That's so.

BOBBY. Does that agreement still hold good?

EZRA (*amused*). Oh, sure.

BOBBY. You promise it?

EZRA. Yes.

BOBBY (*put hands in pocket with grand flourish*). All right, Mr. McWhackle, take a good look at this! (*Tableau.*)

EZRA (*all of a heap*). Well, I guess that's the real thing. All right, son. I'm a man of my word. Take her. She's yours. (*Hands ELEANOR to BOBBY.*)

ALL. Hurrah!

EZRA. I guess the trip hasn't been quite a failure, anyway, for we got rid of Agatha. Gosh, how I do dislike that woman!

(*Grand finale by Principals and entire Chorus.*)

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